Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE MINSTREL'S LAMENT.

On a moss-covered rock, by a pure babbling fountain,
The Bard of the mountain sat down to rest;
And sweetly he sang, of the vale and the mountain,
The wild woods and groves, of his own native home.

A land far away, where the days of his childhood,
Like a bright summer morning, passed sweetly and mild;
Where his heart was as free as the birds in the wild-wood,
And hope shed around him its bright cheering smile.

The sun's latest rays, from the plains had departed;
And night's robe was in love fell dark on the sea;
When he sat himself down in despair, broken-hearted,
To sing of his home far away.

For weary, and sad, and dejected was he.

Like a bird of the ocean, bewildered in his anguish,
I sigh for the long, long endearments of home!
I sigh and despair! I never must languish
Contented in the land of the stranger, or roam.

Oh! when shall the smiles of contentment surround me,
And the blossoms of pleasure, for me, again bloom?
Or the spell of affliction, which deeply has bound me,
Be broken, and sorrow no more be my doom?

In the land of the stranger, my spirit can only
Recur to the scenes I have left far behind,
For here I find sadness, and pain and misery,
To sorrow, and sadness, forever resigned.

My home! Oh! that name is still dear to the bosom;
For here I find memory, and fond recollection,
The wild throb of pleasure, and each fond emotion,
Which there were sun and vacation, for me to know!

Ye dream life's dark vale, midst the scenes of my childhood,
In fancy I linger, for there only there,
Be the pure gliding brook, or alone in the wild-wood,
Fond memory lingers, midst pleasures that were.

Vain, vain, are the hopes that the minstrel may cherish,
Illusive the dreams of enjoyment to be;
For his path is the desert, and midst the parched earth,
And the sun-light of pleasure be clouded and dim.

(From the Religious Souvenir, for 1834.)

THE INTEMPERATE.

"Come along," said James Harwood to his wife, who, burdened with two children, followed in his steps. Her heart was full, and she made no reply.

"Well, be sullen if you choose, but make haste you shall, or I will leave you in the woods."

Then, as if touched by the sight of her grief, half inclined to irritate its object, he added in a higher tone—

"Put down that boy. Have not I told you twenty times, that you could get along faster if you had but one to carry? He can walk as well as I can."

"He is sick," said his mother; "feel how his head burns so. Pray take him in your arms."

"I tell you, Jane Harwood, once for all, that you are spoiling the child by your foolishness. He is as well as I am, and I will not have any trying to make him lazy. Get down I tell you, and walk," addressing the languid boy.

He was not obeyed—a fresh burst of tearful obedience, but the report of a gun arrested his attention. He uttered a thanksgiving, to discover that it proceeded, and the weary and sad heartened mother sat down upon the grass. Bitter were her reflections during that interval of restraint, the wrath of Ohio. The pleasant New England village, from which she had last emigrated, with the peaceful home of her birth, came up to her view—where, but a few years before, she had given her hand to the companion of her youth, and strewed it with thorns. By constant and endearing attentions, he had won her youthful love, and the two first years of their union were blissful happiness. Both were industrious and affectionate, and the promises of the future were not scornful sports or slumbers, more than repaid the labours of the day.

But a change became visible. The husband grew inattentive to his business, and indifferent to his fireside. He permitted the fields to accumulate, in spite of the economy of his wife, and became morose and offended at her remonstrances. She strove to conceal from the world and from the vice that was gaining the ascendancy over him, and redoubled her exertions to render his home agreeable, but in spite of all her efforts were of no avail, or contemptuously rejected. The period of her husband's absence, for the space of a second infant, convinced her that neither in sorrow nor sickness could she expect sympathy from him, to whom she had given up to her view-where, but a few years before, she had green her head with flowers, she now saw it strewed it with thorns. By constant and endearing attentions, he had won her youthful love, and the two first years of their union were blissful happiness. Both were industrious and affectionate, and the promises of the future were not scornful sports or slumbers, more than repaid the labours of the day.

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Poor Jane listened to this proposal with gratitude. She thought she saw in it the salvation of her husband. She believed that if he were divided from his intemperate companions, he would return to his early habits of industry and virtue. The trial of leaving the old neighbourhood, from which she would have once shrunk, seemed as nothing when compared with the prospect of his reformation and returning happiness. Yet when all their few effects were converted into the waggon in which they were to journey them to a far land, and the scant and humble necessaries which were to accompany them on their way thither; when she took leave of her brother and sisters, with their households; when she shook hands with the friends she had known from her cradle, and remembered that it might be for the last time; and when the hills that encircled her native village faded into the dark blue outline of the horizon, there came over her such a desolation of spirit, as she had never before experienced. She blamed herself for these feelings, and repressed their sadness in silence.

The journey was slow and toilsome. The autumnal rains and the state of the roads were against them. The few utensils and comforts which they carried with them were gradually shortened and sold. The object of all this trial could not be doubted. The effects were but too visible in his conduct. She reasoned,—she endeavoured to persuade herself to a different course. But anger was the only result. When he was not too far off to be overheard in remonstrance, his deportment was exceedingly overbearing and arbitrary. He felt that she had no friend to protect her, and therefore made use of it to gain his own power; and she was compelled to resist the trial it was a power without generosity, and that there was a pleasure in the exercise of capricious and an alienated husband.

As they journeyed, the fatigue of their distressing journey, the roads became worse, and their horse utterly failed. He had been but scantily provided, as the short-sighted parsimony of a dull taxed and unprovisioned every thing for its own support. Even the air of the forest on the dying animal, and remembered his laborious and ill-repaid services.

"We must do with the brute," exclaimed his master, "he has died in such an out-of-the-way place, that I cannot even find one to buy his skin."

Under the shelter of their miserably broken waggon, they passed another night, and early in the morning pursued their way on foot. Of their slender stores, a few morsels of bread were all that remained, and these were all which his person a bottle, which he no longer made a secret of carrying. At every application of it to his lips, his temper seemed more violent.

They were within a few miles of the termination of their journey, and their directions had been very clear and precise. But his mind became so bewildered and perverse, that he persisted in choosing by-paths of underwood and tangled woods, under the pretence of seeking a shorter route. This increased and prolonged their fatigue; but no entreaty of his wearied wife was regarded. The little boy of four years old whose constitution had been feeble from his infancy, became so feverish and distressed, as to be unable to proceed. The mother, after in vain solicitating aid and compassion from her husband, took him in her arms, while the youngest, whom she had previously carried, and who was unable to walk, followed by her elder sister. Thus burdened her progress was tedious and painful. Still she was enabled to go on; for the strength that nerves a mother's arm, toiling for her child's life, is from God. She even endeavored to press on more rapidly, and at length, fearing that if she fell behind her husband would tear the sufferer from her arms, in some paroxysm of his savage intemperance.

Their road during the day, though approaching the wild settlements were little were to reside, lay through a solitary part of the country. The children were faint and hungry; and as the husband sullenly turned upon them, trying to nurse her infant, she drew from her bosom the last piece of bread, and held it to the parched lips of the child. He dashed it away his hand, and with a scarcely audible moan, sinked for a water. Pushingly might she sympathize in the distress of the poor outcast from the tent of Abraham, who had her famished son among the thorns, and sat down a good way off, saying, "Let me not see the death of the child." But this Christian mother, was not in the desert, nor in despair. She looked upward in faith, who is the refuge of the forsaken and the comforter of those whose hearts are cast down.

The sun was drawing toward the west, as the rose of James Harwood was heard blazing from the forest, and the intemperate man with a gun and some birds at his girdle.

"Wife, will you get up now, and come along? We are not far from home. There lives a John Williams, who went from our part of the country; and he is just in our neighbourhood."

Jane received this hearty welcome with a thankful spirit and rose to accompany them. The little boy raised his head, the sick boy in his arms, to smile.

"Harwood, take the baby from your wife; we do not let our women bear all the burdens here in Ohio."

James was ashamed to refuse, and reached his hands towards the child. But accustomed to neglect or unkindness, it hid its face, crying in the bosom of its mother.

"You see how it is. She makes the children so green, that I never have any comfort of them. She chooses to carry them herself, and always will have her own way."

"You have come to a new settled country, friends," said John Williams; but it is a good country to get a living in. Crops of corn and wheat are such as you never saw in New England. Our cattle live in clover, and the cows give us cream instead of milk. There is plenty of game to employ our leisure, and venison and wild turkey do not come amiss now and then on a farmer's table. Here is a short cut I can show you; though there is a fence or two to climb. James Harwood, I shall like to be with you about old times and old friends down east. Why don't you help your wife over the fence with her baby?"

"So I would, but she is so sulky. She has not spoke a word to me all day. It always say let me alone, folks take care of self when their meat is fit is over."

A cluster of log cabins now met their view through an opening in the forest. They were pleasantly situated in the midst of an area of cultivated land. A few acres, namely two days, a tractic bridge of the trunks of trees, cast a sparkling line through the deep, unchanged autumnal verdure.

"Here we live," said their guide, "a hardworking, contented people. That is your house which has no smoke curling up from the chimney. It may not be quite so genteel as some you have in Connecticut or the old States, but it is about as good as any in the neighbourhood. I'll go and tell my wife to bring some victuals. I am glad she be to see you, for she sets great store by folks from New England."

He ran down the log cabin, to those not habituated to it, presents put a cheerless aspect. The eye came to be accustomed to the rude logs of walls and floors, the absence of glass windows, and doors loosely hung upon leather hinges. But the comfort and neatness of the inside drew the wife from her home. There was no chair to receive them. In a corner of the room stood a rough board table, with a low frame resembling a bedstead. Other furniture there was none. Glad kind Jane received her husband by her old residence before. Three or four matrons and several blooming young faces, welcomed her with smiles,—for the stranger is as if their heart be cast full of praise.

"In my dreams last night I saw the clear waters of the brook that ran by the bottom of my little garden. I wish I could taste them once more. And I had such music, too, as would come from that white church among the trees, every Sunday the happy people meet to worship God."

The mother saw that the hectic fever had been long preparing, and knew there was not an unearthly brightness in his eye, that the fearful intellect wandered. She seated herself on the bed, and bent over him to soothe and compose him. He lay silent for some time.

"Do you think he will ever come?"

Dreading the agonizing agitation which in his paroxysms of coughing and pain he evinced at his mention of his father, Jane answered hastily, she answered—

"I think not, love. You had better try to sleep."

"Mother, I wish he would come. I do not feel pain now. Perhaps he would let me lay my cheek to his once more, as he used to do when I was a babe in my grandmother's arms. I should be glad to say good-bye to him, before I go to my Saviour."

Gazing intently in his face, she saw the work of the destroyer, in lines too strong to be mistaken.

"My son—my dear son—say Lord Jesus receive my spirit.

"Mother," he replied, with a sweet smile upon his ghastly features, "he is ready. I desire to go to Him. Hold the baby to me, that I may kiss her. That is how she used to do. Oh! wrap me close in your arms, for I shiver with cold."

A long, with a death grasp, to that bosom which had long been his sole earthly refuge.

"Sing, mother, dear mother, a little louder, I cannot hear you.

A tremulous tone, as if from a broken harp, rose above the grief that choked the dying child. One sigh of icy breath was upon her cheek, as the mother ceased to sing, and all was still and over. She held the body long in her arms, as if fondly hoping to warm and revivify it with her breath. At length she laid it gently on the bed, and kneeling beside it, hid her face in that grief, which none but mothers feel. It was a deep and sacred sorrow, and with the death that had spare the soft breathings of the sleeping babe that quiet interval of repose. Then the silence was broken by a wail of piercing agony. It ceased, and a voice arose, a voice of supplication, which was heard in the dying child. Its one

MATTHEWS, THE IMPOSTOR.

The following extraordinary details are from the Journal of Commerce and Advertiser:

The public will recollect that Mr. Matthews, the impostor who has been playing off his pranks in this city, and in the country, for the last two years, was arrested in this city, on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences, from Mr. Folger, of Nantucket. The facts will be remembered of the numerous attempts which he made, and which perhaps one of the most extraordinary movements on record, to obtain the possession of the daughter of Mr. Folger, by first making love to her, and then proposing marriage.

Mr. Folger had resided for some years in the past 1830, Mr. Matthews, a young man, who was an intimate of the Folger family, and became acquainted with a Mr. Elijah Pierson, who at that time, was a merchant in this city, but who has since failed in business, and is now living in Nantucket. He represented to the young man that Mr. Folger's daughter was heir to a large property, and by becoming with a Mr. Elijah Pierson, who at that time, was a merchant in this city, but who has since failed in business, and is now living in Nantucket. He represented to the young man that Mr. Folger's daughter was heir to a large property, and by becoming with a Mr. Elijah Pierson, who at that time, was a merchant in this city, but who has since failed in business, and is now living in Nantucket. He represented to the young man that Mr. Folger's daughter was heir to a large property, and by becoming

Folger had had power to do all things—to forgive our sins, and commanded the disciples to do the same in his name.

The above issue of blasphemy and wickedness was strange to say, believed by Mr. Pierson, and regarding the impostor as a man of God, he commenced preaching the doctrines he received, and soon had a church formed, and took him into his house to live with him.

In the month of September, 1833, Mr. Pierson accompanied Mr. Folger to Mr. Matthews, and at the same time introduced his daughter to him. Matthews accordingly set himself to work, and soon succeeded in gaining the affections of the young lady, and then proposed marriage. This was opposed by Mr. Folger, but Matthews persisted in his suit, and finally succeeded in obtaining the consent of the father, who, however, stipulated that the marriage should not take place for two years. Matthews promised to the stipulations, and then commenced his operations to get possession of the property. He first got Mr. Folger to sign a paper, which he represented to be a mere matter of form, but which was in fact a power of attorney, authorizing Matthews to transact all the business of Mr. Folger. Matthews then went to Mr. Folger's counting house to commence his duties as clerk, and there he remained for a short time, when he told Mr. Folger that he was "called to a higher sphere of action." He now assumed the character of a preacher, and told Mr. Folger, "I know the Lord as all things." And then proceeded one day before dinner to ask a blessing, and in the course of his prayer he thanked God that he was "delivered from the bondage of sin." He then proceeded to tell Mr. Folger, "You must not eat out of the dish with the world any more." Mr. Folger was astonished at this, but he was willing to do all things—to be saved, and he accordingly ate his dinner, and not from the same dish used by the family. Matthews then told Mr. Folger, "You must not eat out of the dish with your wife

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. Bell, Proprietor of the Reporter, Commercial Intelligencer, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 3, 1834.

ASHES		New Orleans,	2 38
Pots, 1st sort	4 12½	do. do. N. York,	2 38
do. 2d do.	4 12½	Tuscaloosa,	2 38
Pearls,	4 12½	Tennessee,	2 38
BEESWAX,	25	Upper Alabama,	2 38
BREADSTUFFS.		Florida,	2 38
Flour, Penn.	6 50	Lower Alabama,	2 38
do. Ohio,	6 50	Natchez,	2 38
do. No. 1	6 50	Red River,	2 38
do. do.	6 50	Lower Mississippi,	2 38
do. Baltimore,	6 50	Upper do.	2 38
do. Alexandria,	6 50	MACKEREL,	
do. Georgetown,	6 50	No. 1,	3 00
do. Fredericksburg,	6 50	No. 2,	2 50
do. Richmond,	6 50	No. 3,	2 00
do. Petersburg,	6 50	Shad,	3 00
do. Fayetteville,	6 50	Herring,	1 50
do. Georgia,	6 50	Salmon,	4 00
do. Virginia,	6 50	Scotch Herring,	1 00
do. Baltimore,	6 50	Shad,	3 00
do. Alexandria,	6 50	Herring,	1 50
do. Georgetown,	6 50	Salmon,	4 00
do. Fredericksburg,	6 50	Scotch Herring,	1 00
do. Richmond,	6 50	Shad,	3 00
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do. Virginia,	6 50	Shad,	3 00
do. Baltimore,	6 50	Herring,	1 50
do. Alexandria,	6 50	Salmon,	4 00
do. Georgetown,	6 50	Scotch Herring,	1 00
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do. Petersburg,	6 50	Salmon,	4 00
do. Fayetteville,	6 50	Scotch Herring,	1 00
do. Georgia,	6 50	Shad,	3 00
do. Virginia,	6 50	Herring,	1 50
do. Baltimore,	6 50	Salmon,	4 00
do. Alexandria,	6 50	Scotch Herring,	1 00
do. Georgetown,	6 50	Shad,	3 00
do. Fredericksburg,	6 50	Herring,	1 50
do. Richmond,	6 50	Salmon,	4 00
do. Petersburg,	6 50	Scotch Herring,	1 00
do. Fayetteville,	6 50	Shad,	3 00
do. Georgia,	6 50	Herring,	1 50
do. Virginia,	6 50	Salmon,	4 00
do. Baltimore,	6 50	Scotch Herring,	1 00
do. Alexandria,	6 50	Shad,	3 00
do. Georgetown,	6 50	Herring,	1 50
do. Fredericksburg,	6 50	Salmon,	4 00
do. Richmond,	6 50	Scotch Herring,	1

Thursday is the natal day of Lizzie. Many pleasures to all its devotees.

THE MONKEY.

By Mary Howitt.

Monkey, Monkey, where's your mother?
Gone to pick cocoa-nuts in the wood.
Monkey, Monkey, what's for supper?
Full of nuts, as fruit would be—
Monkey, Monkey, what's for dinner?

In the very ash, no doubt.
You must frolicking abroad!
Monkey, Monkey, what's for breakfast?
Dogwood monkeys left behind!

Here you no tenderness—true,
Till the mother comes home?
No respectful love ye wear
With Prince Hiboo and Prince Lumeer?

Look now at him!—ugly one!
Grimalkin he is called;
For whom soon he had
Full with the claws in hand.

Now that posture is not right,
And he is not settled quite;
Then I think he'll better do,
And the tender parcels is more.

He! he is not half pretty!
Monkey, Monkey, you're a puss!
Monkeying through your paw
You only see that fine claw.

You shall have it, paper brother!
What, another! and another!
Hey, your claws are like a rack,
Many a hand bears the mark.

There the little ancient man
Cracks as fast as crack he can!
Here, good boy, you merry fellow,
Nature's primest Frenchman!

A knight of the scissor does advertised the other day: "J. M.'s produce will speak for themselves." It would be wonderful time might we not expect from such orators!

Conundrums for Lovers.—A French banker says "ordure" is one word in the singular and three out of the number; but when I buy my horse no one of them is made less good."

Rice Sprouts or Asparagus Lozenges.—M. Mayer, of Geneva, has invented a new kind of lozenge, to cure by applying leeches. As no right to have should be in the hands of any but a medical practitioner, it is to be hoped that the usual precaution, the consent, for what of it, will be a sort of interest, attach until unanimously applied for.

Small Game.—A Mr. Turner, well known in Vermont for his wiry strings at the bar, was one day defending a prisoner named Tyler, when he was made sole of some bone his playful sister, which was originally in the case. The Judge warned a little and endeavored to call the speaker to order by saying, "Name at your small about here, Mr. Tyler."

"May it please your honor," replied the advocate, "an ounce properly set shot is the nature of our game."

A Married Certificate.—An Irish soldier once wanted some accommodating officer, with what he termed a certificate to the effect that he was married, intimated him that he was not married to his wife, but that he lived with her, and that he should be, and he called for many various besides, which he said he could not get in the country. "Well, my good fellow," answered the officer, "have you any one here you are legally married to?" "Yes, your honor, I have that in the world." He was then called, and he has, and exhibited a cut skull, saying, "There, your honor, I got it after taking the same blow from my body for a week."

Origin of "Walking the Plank."—Plutarch says that the ancient Cretans practiced a species of torture, that when their (the Cretan pirates) had taken a prisoner, and he *would not* that he was a Roman, and had chosen to be put to death rather than to be ransomed, some their thighs, and tell upon their knees to ask pardon; and then their executioners, with humble assistance before him, thought them in earnest, and themselves before him, thought them in earnest, and then, as he was in the act of begging, struck off his head. Others, again, would not be put to death, and refused to help him on with the blow, but his nobility ought to be more manakins; for they would not be put to death, but they would be put to the trial, and then they would be put to the trial, and then they would be put to the trial, and then